THE RAVEN

BERGH

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DAVID BISPHAM

THE RAVEN

(EDGAR ALLAN POE)

A MELODRAMA

MUSIC BY
ARTHUR BERGH

PRICE $1.00

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
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The first public performance of this work was by Mr. Bispham, with the composer at the piano, at the Hall of Fame, New York University, January 19th, 1909.

The first performance with orchestra was by Mr. Bispham at a concert of the New York Center of the American Music Society, at Carnegie Hall, April 18th, 1909, the composer conducting.

Score and Orchestra parts in manuscript, and may be rented of the Publisher.

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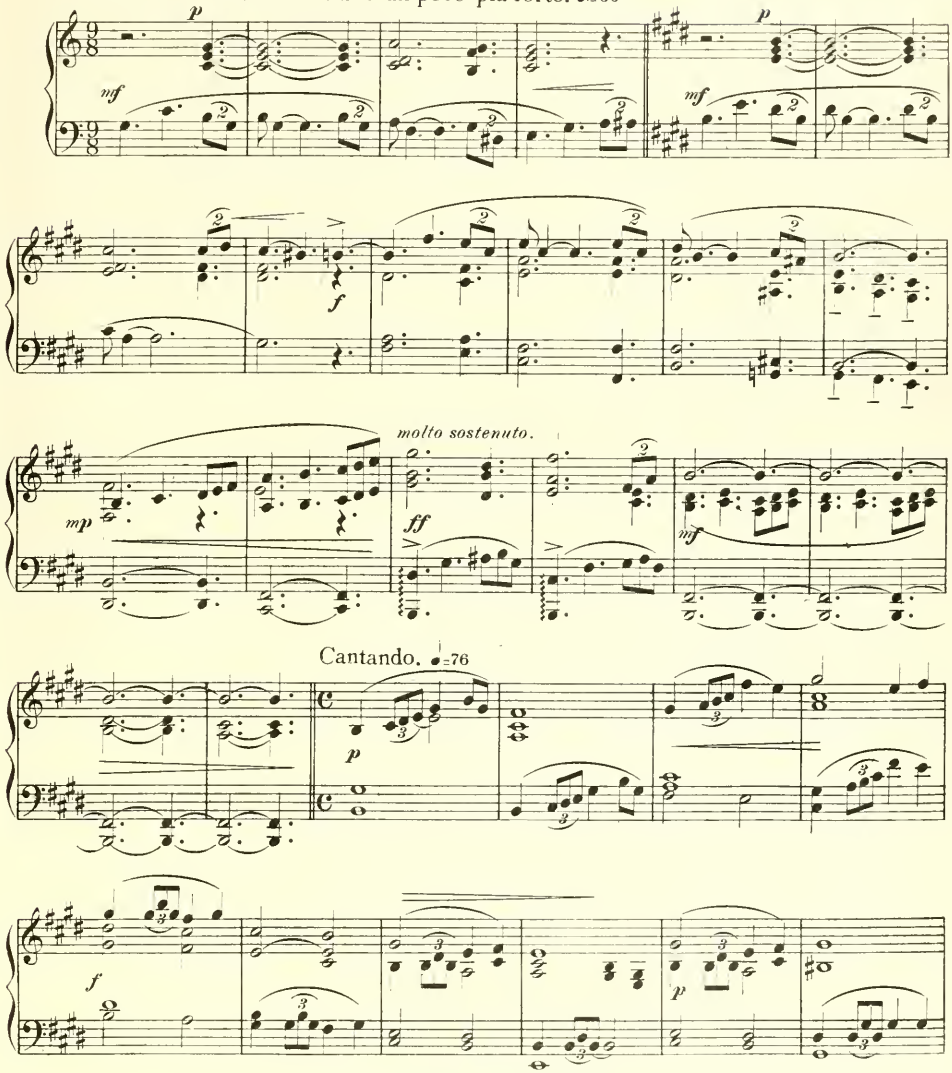
THE RAVEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

ARTHUR BERGH.
Op.20



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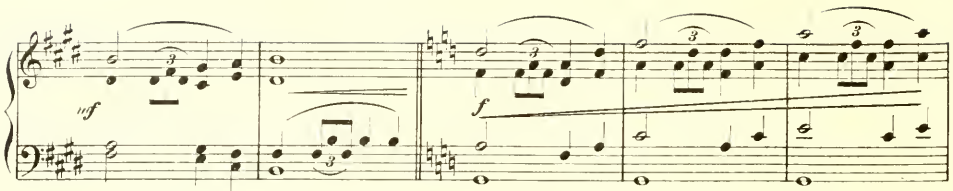
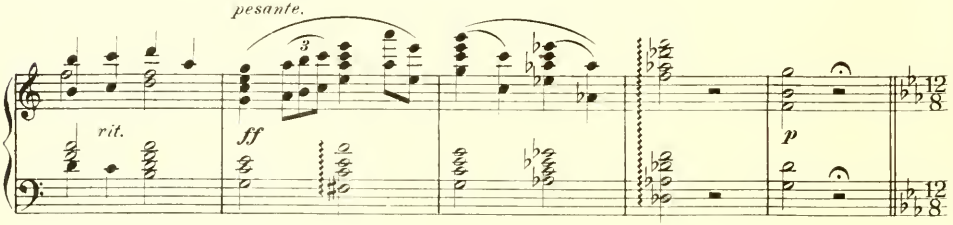
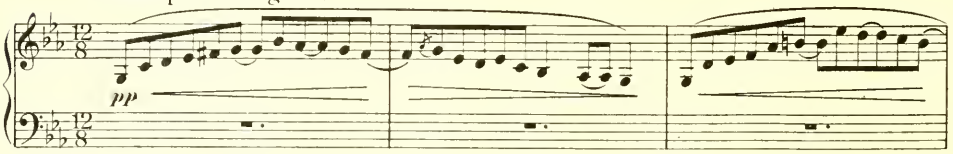




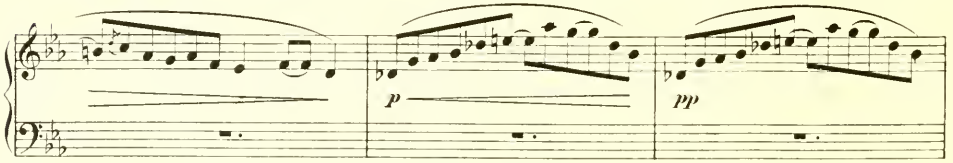
(Except where expressly indicated, the reading should be in as free a style as possible.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and

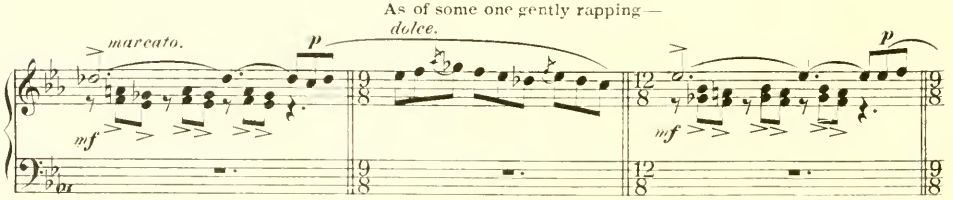
Andante quasi Allegretto.

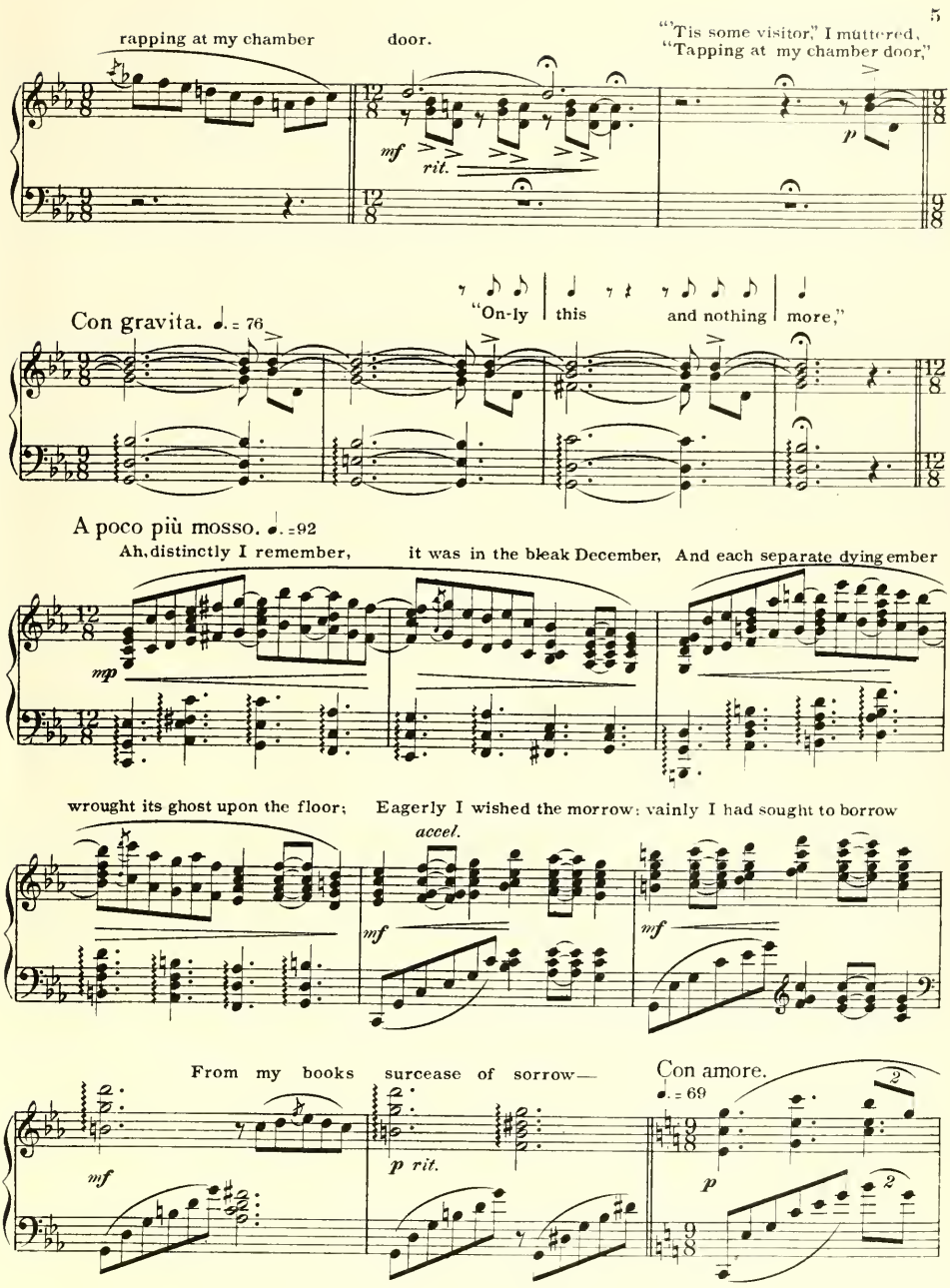


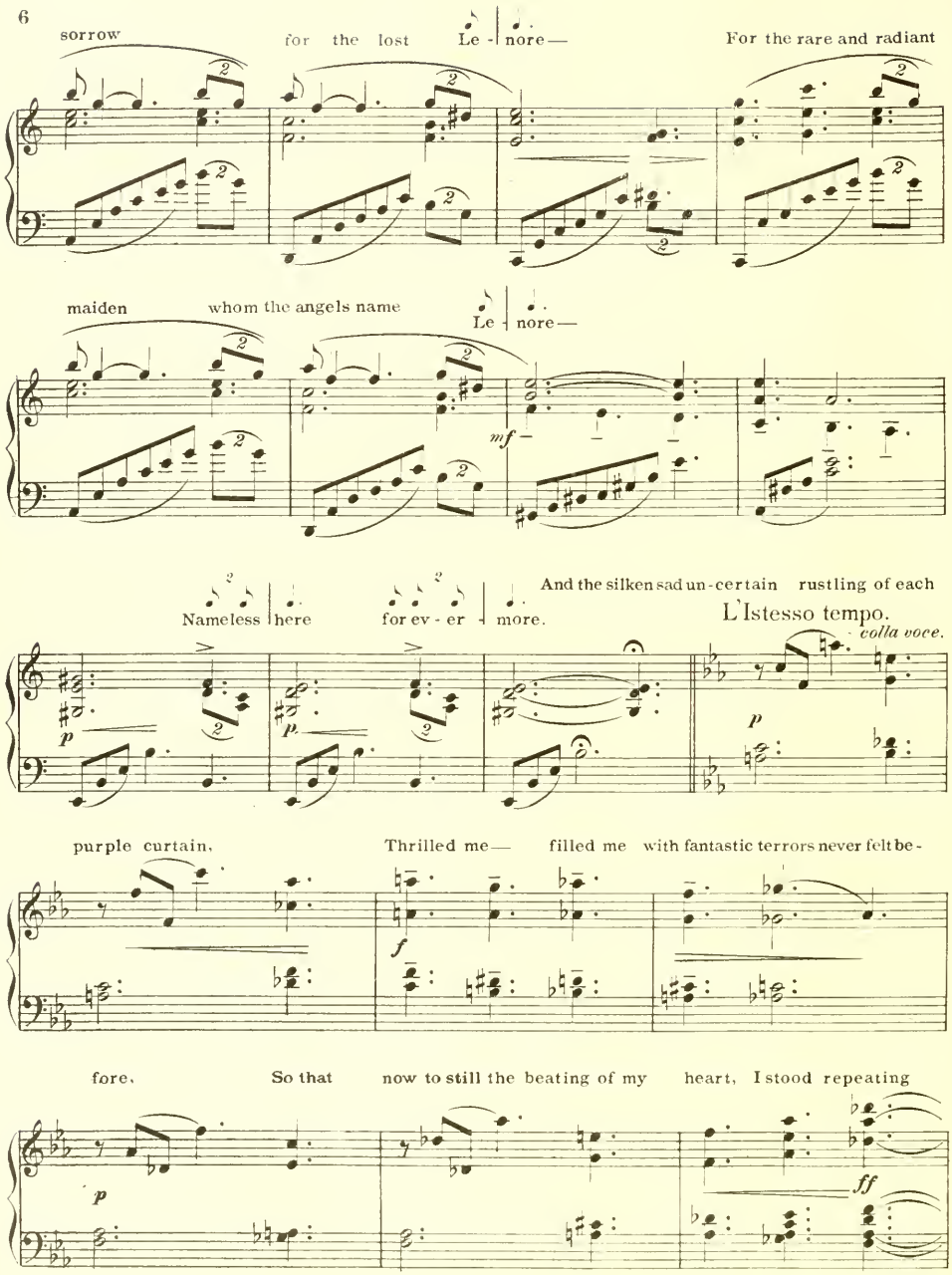
curious volume of forgotten lore— While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

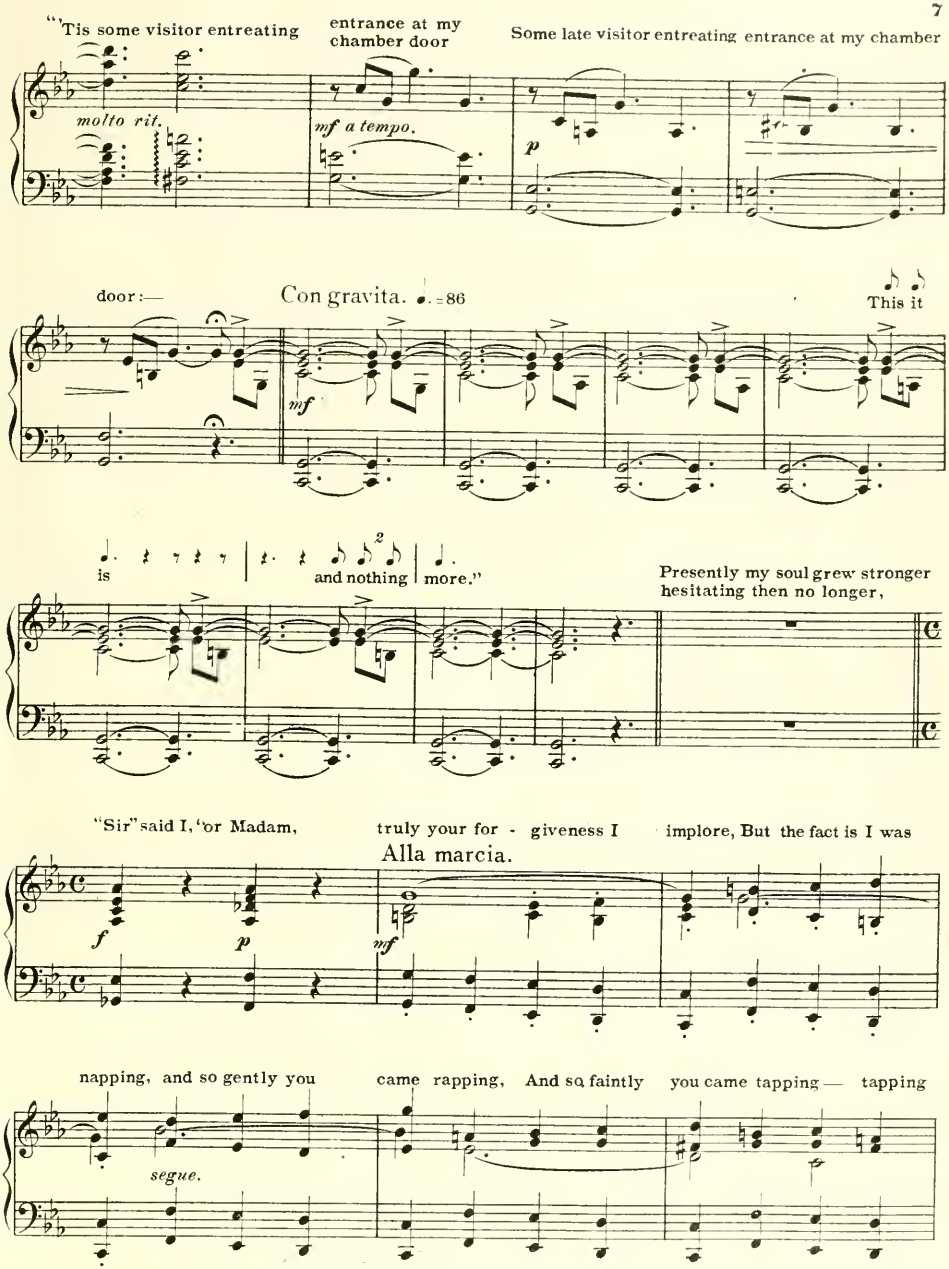


As of some one gently rapping—




rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door,"
mf
rit.
p
Con gravita. ♩. = 76
"On-ly this and nothing more,"
A poco più mosso. ♩. =92
Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember
mp
wrought its ghost upon the floor; Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
accel.
mf
mf
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Con amore.
♩. = 69
mf
p rit.
p


sorrow
for the lost
Le - nore—
For the rare and radiant
maiden
whom the angels name
Le - nore—
mf
Nameless here
for ev - er more.
And the silken sad un-certain rustling of each
L'Istesso tempo.
colla voce.
p
purple curtain.
Thrilled me—
filled me with fantastic terrors never felt be-
f
fore.
So that
now to still the beating of my
heart,
I stood repeating
p
ff


"'Tis some visitor entreating
entrance at my chamber door
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
molto rit.
mf a tempo.
p
door:—
Con gravita. ♩.=86
This it
mf
is
and nothing more."
Presently my soul grew stronger hesitating then no longer,
"Sir" said I, "or Madam, truly your for - giveness I implore, But the fact is I was
Alla marcia.
f
p
mf
napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you came tapping— tapping
segue.

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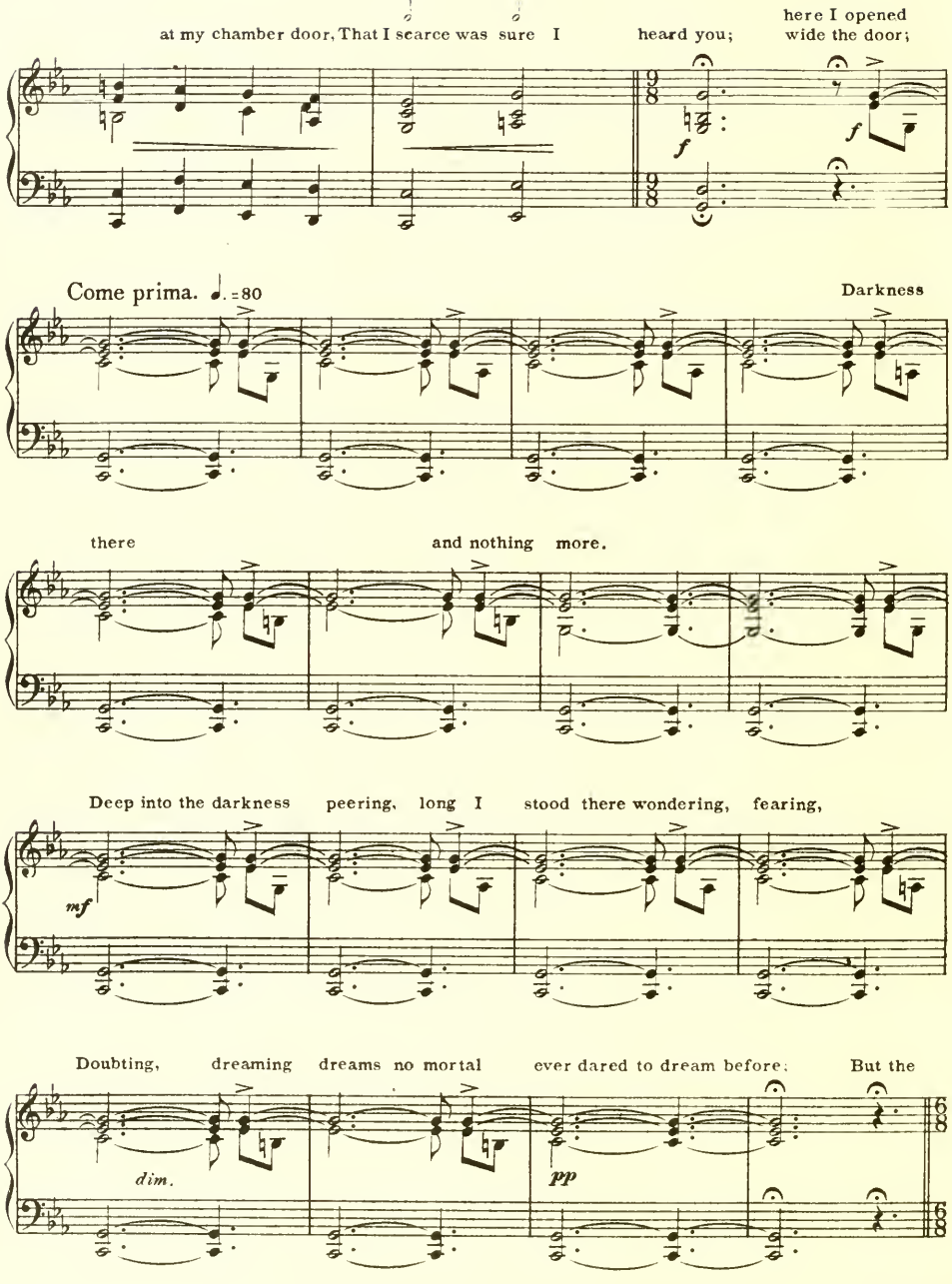
at my chamber door, That I scarce was sure I heard you;
here I opened wide the door;
f
f
Come prima. ♩. =80
Darkness
there
and nothing more.
Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
mf
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the
dim.
pp

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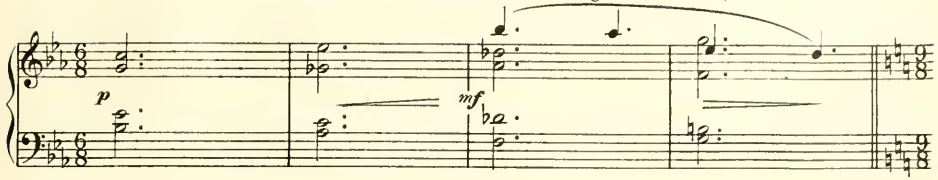
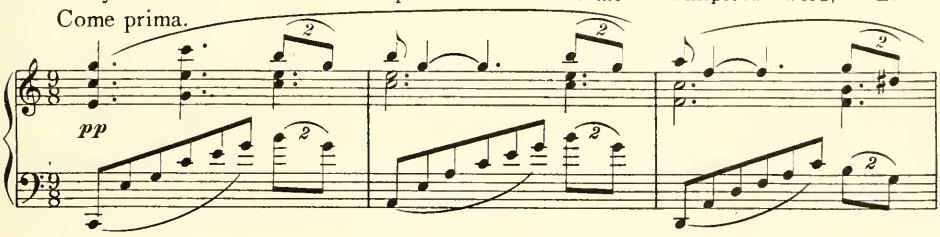
silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token, And the



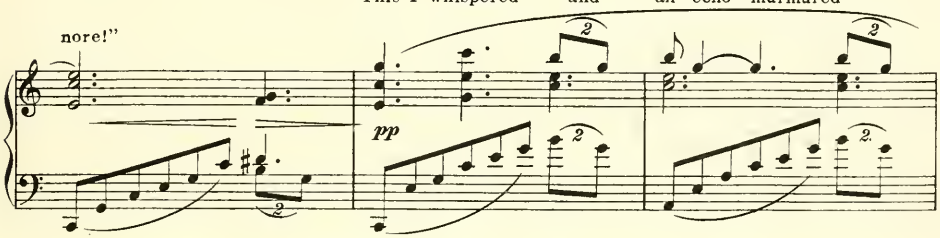
only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Le -

Come prima.

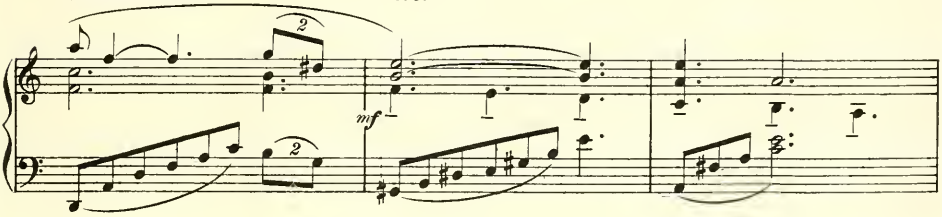


This I whispered and an echo murmured

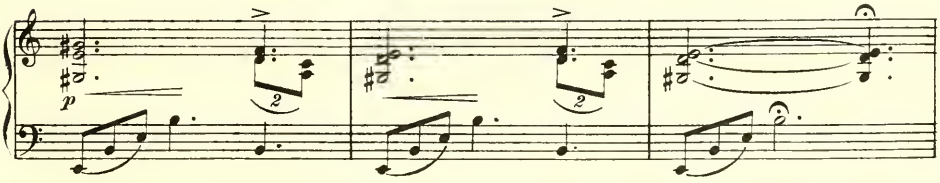
nore!"



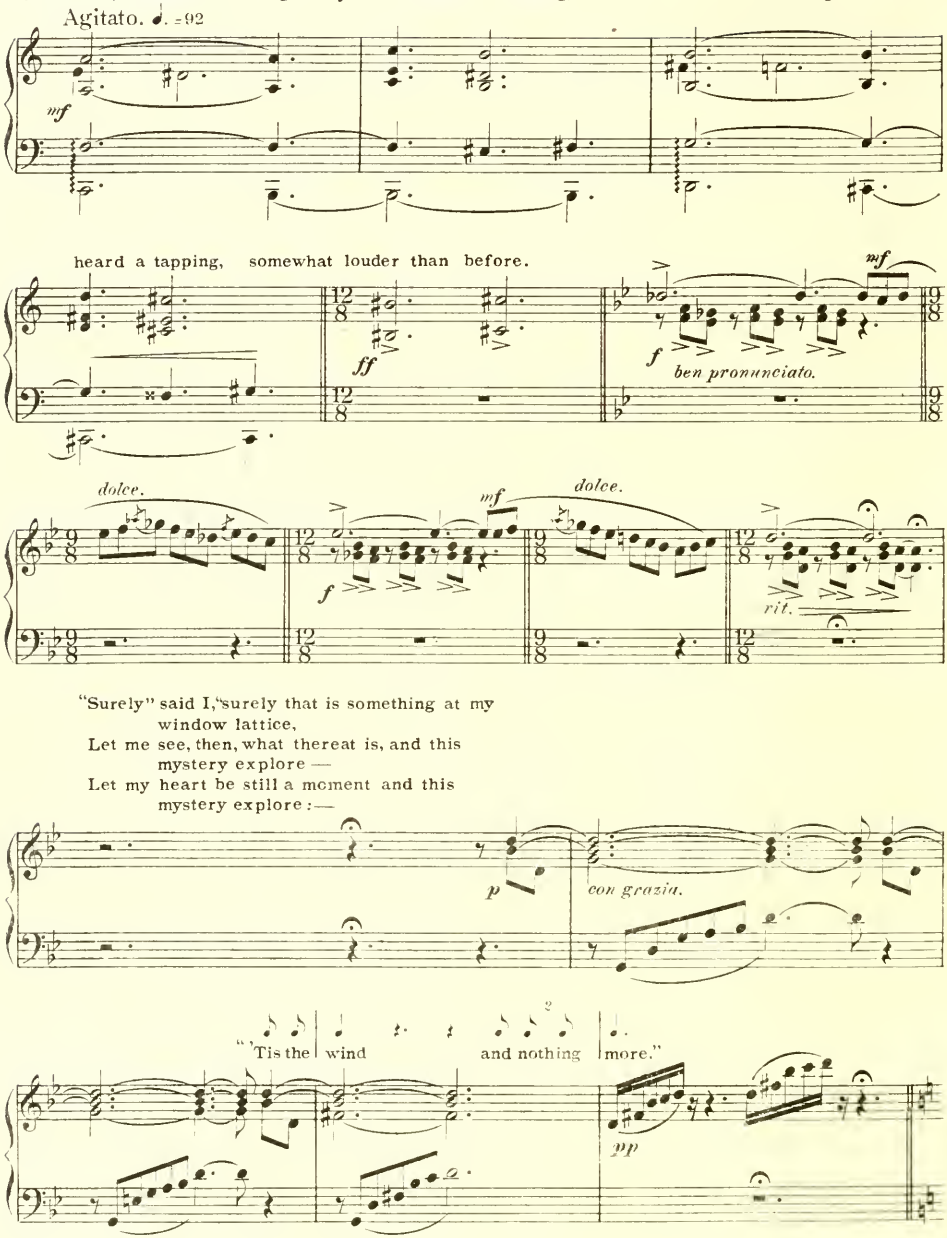
back the word "Le - nore!"



Mere-ly this and noth-ing more.



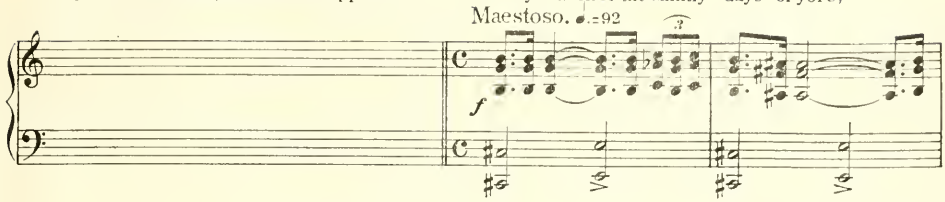
Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon again I



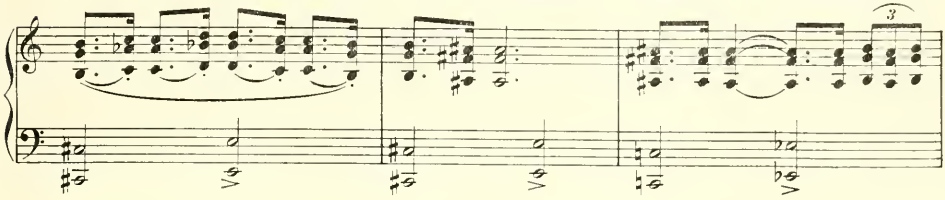
"Surely" said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice,
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this
mystery explore:—

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;

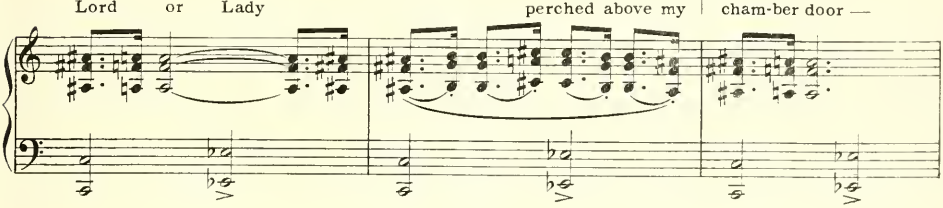
Maestoso. ♩.=92



Not the least obeisance made he, Not an instant stop'd or stayed he, But with mien of

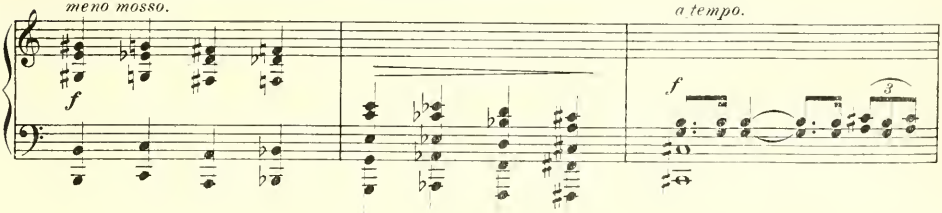


Lord or Lady perched above my cham-ber door —

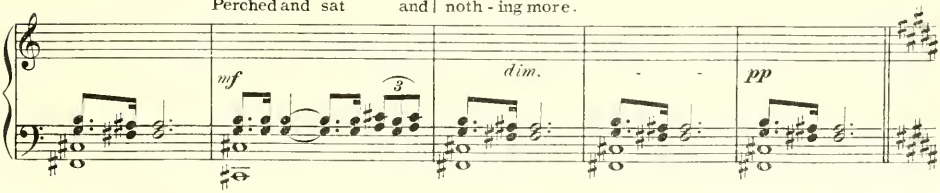


Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —

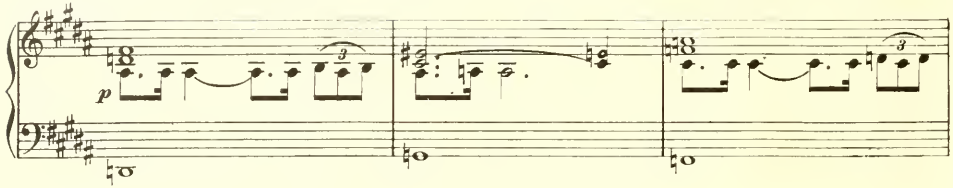
meno mosso. *a tempo.*



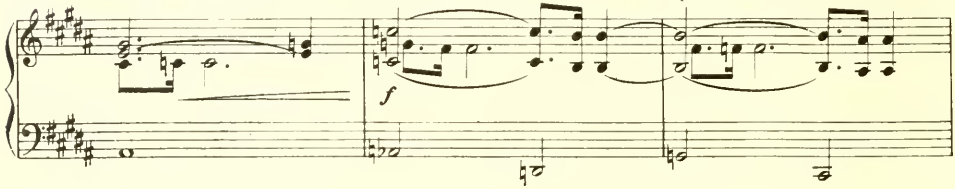
Perched and sat and noth - ing more.



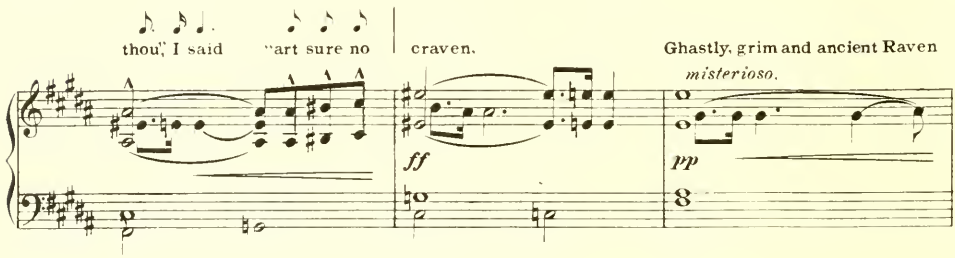
Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling. By the grave and stern decorum of the



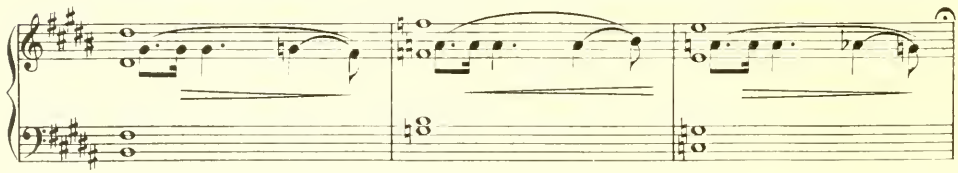
countenance it wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,



thou," I said "art sure no craven. Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven

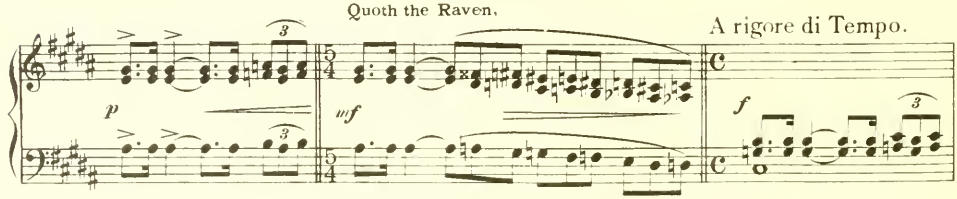


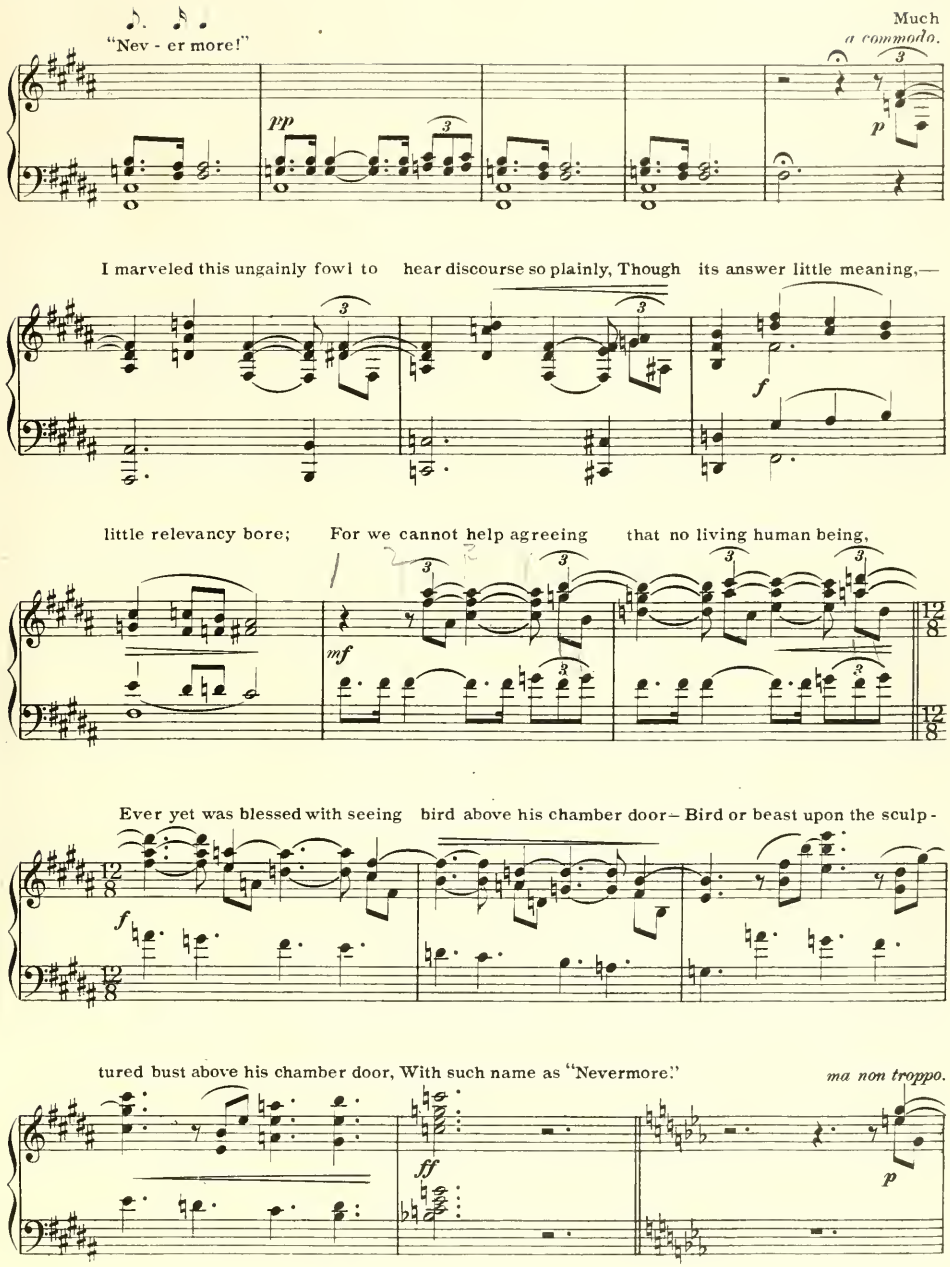
wandering from the nightly shore Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"

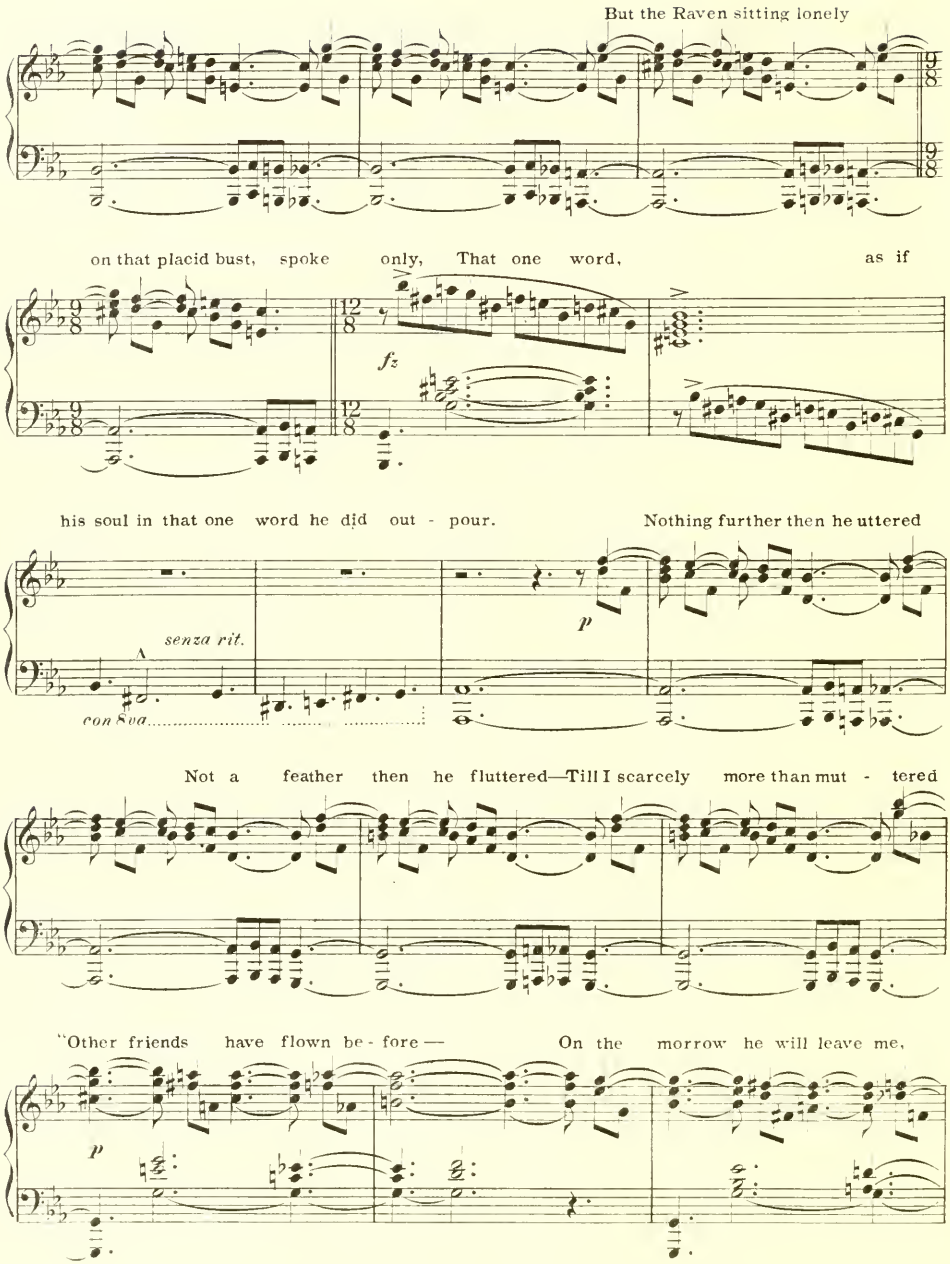


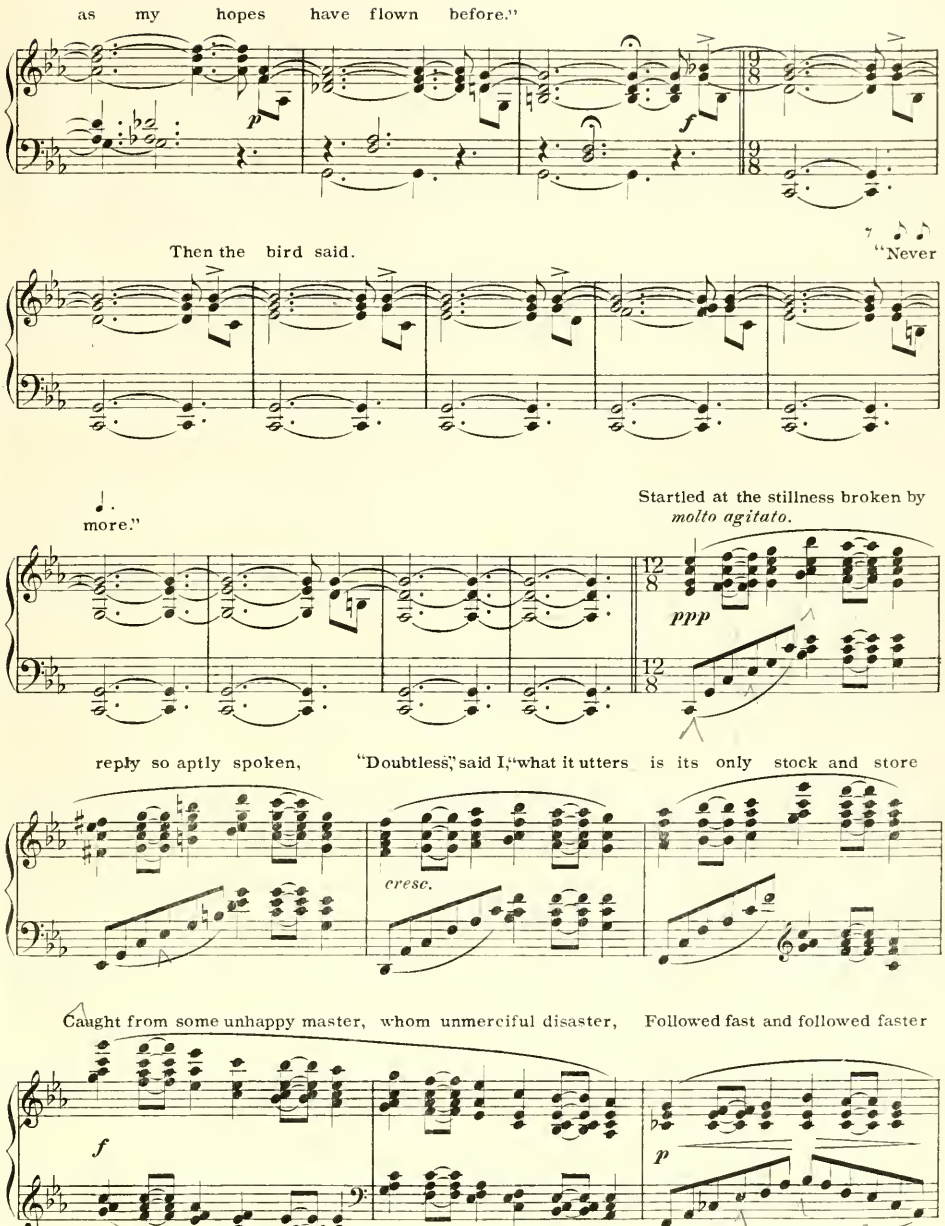
Quoth the Raven,

A rigore di Tempo.




"Nev - er more!"
Much
a commodo.
pp
p
I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning,—
f
little relevancy bore; For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being,
mf
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door— Bird or beast upon the sculp-
f
tured bust above his chamber door, With such name as "Nevermore."
ma non troppo.
ff
p


But the Raven sitting lonely
on that placid bust, spoke only, That one word, as if
fz
his soul in that one word he did out - pour. Nothing further then he uttered
senza rit.
A
con 8va
p
Not a feather then he fluttered—Till I scarcely more than mut - tered
"Other friends have flown be - fore — On the morrow he will leave me,
p


as my hopes have flown before."
p
f
Then the bird said.
"Never
more."
Startled at the stillness broken by
molto agitato.
ppp
reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
cresc.
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster,
Followed fast and followed faster
f
p

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till his songs one burden bore—

rapido.

Till the dir-ges of his hope the melancholy burden bore. Of "Never —

(colla voce.)
marcato.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door.

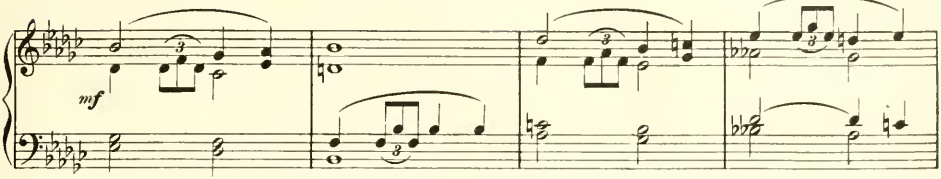
Nevermore."

Cantando. ♩=76

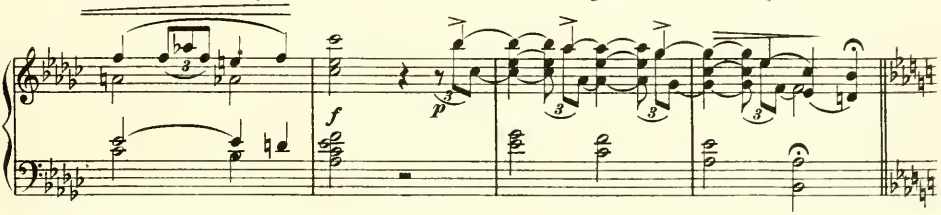
Then, upon the velvet sinking,

I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy,

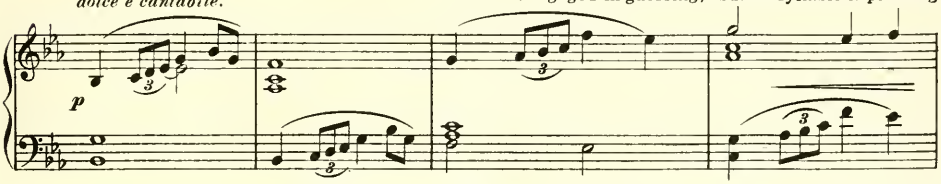
thinking what this ominous bird of yore,— What this grim, ungainly, ghastly gaunt



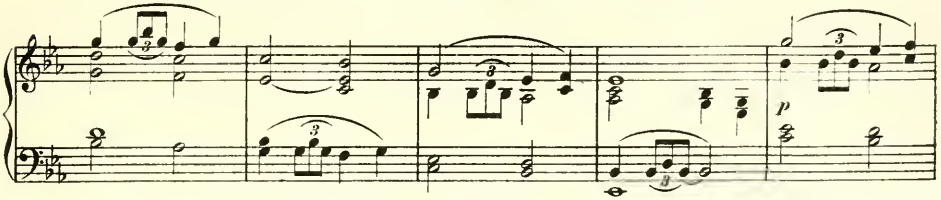
and ominous bird of yore Meant in croaking "Nevermore."



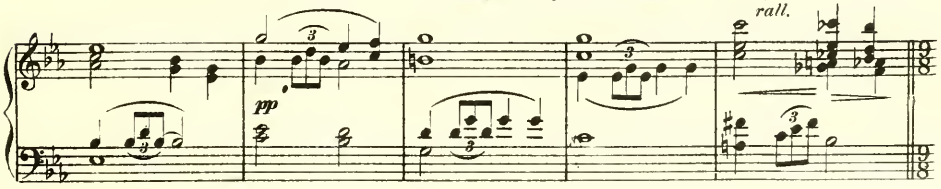
dolce e cantabile. Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing



To the fowl whose fiery eyes Now burned into my bosom's core;

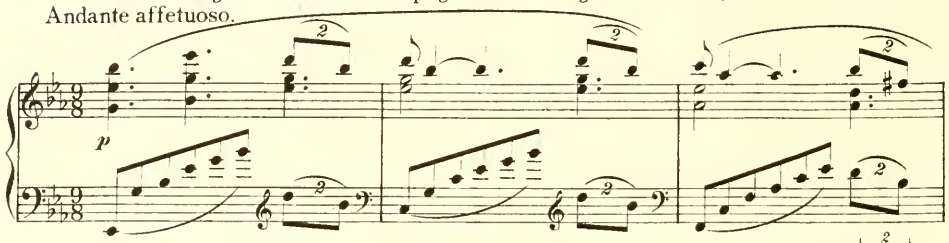


This and more I sat divining with my head at ease re-clining on the cushion's

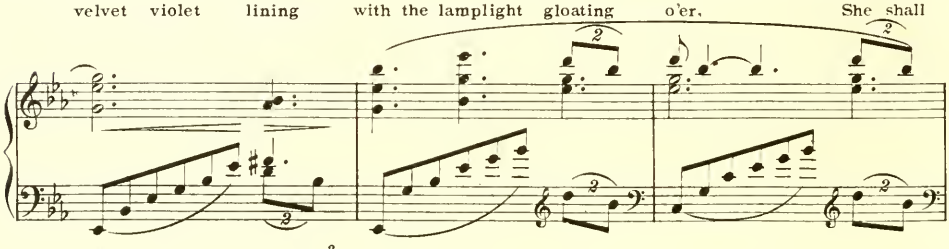


velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er, But whose

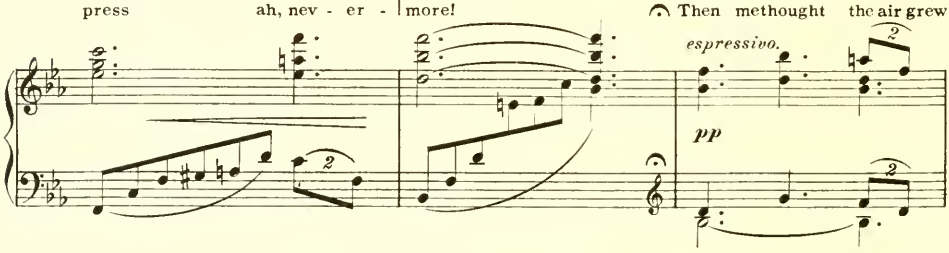
Andante affetuoso.



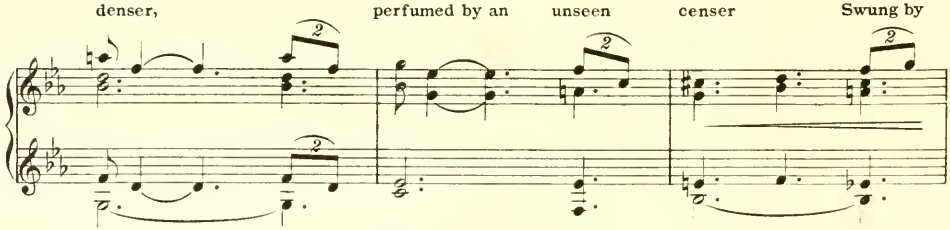
velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er, She shall



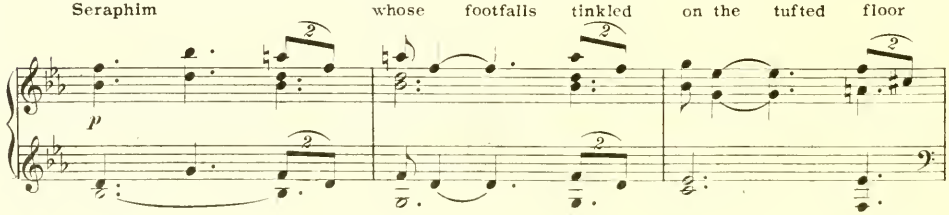
press ah, nev - er - more! Then methought the air grew



denser, perfumed by an unseen censer Swung by



Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor



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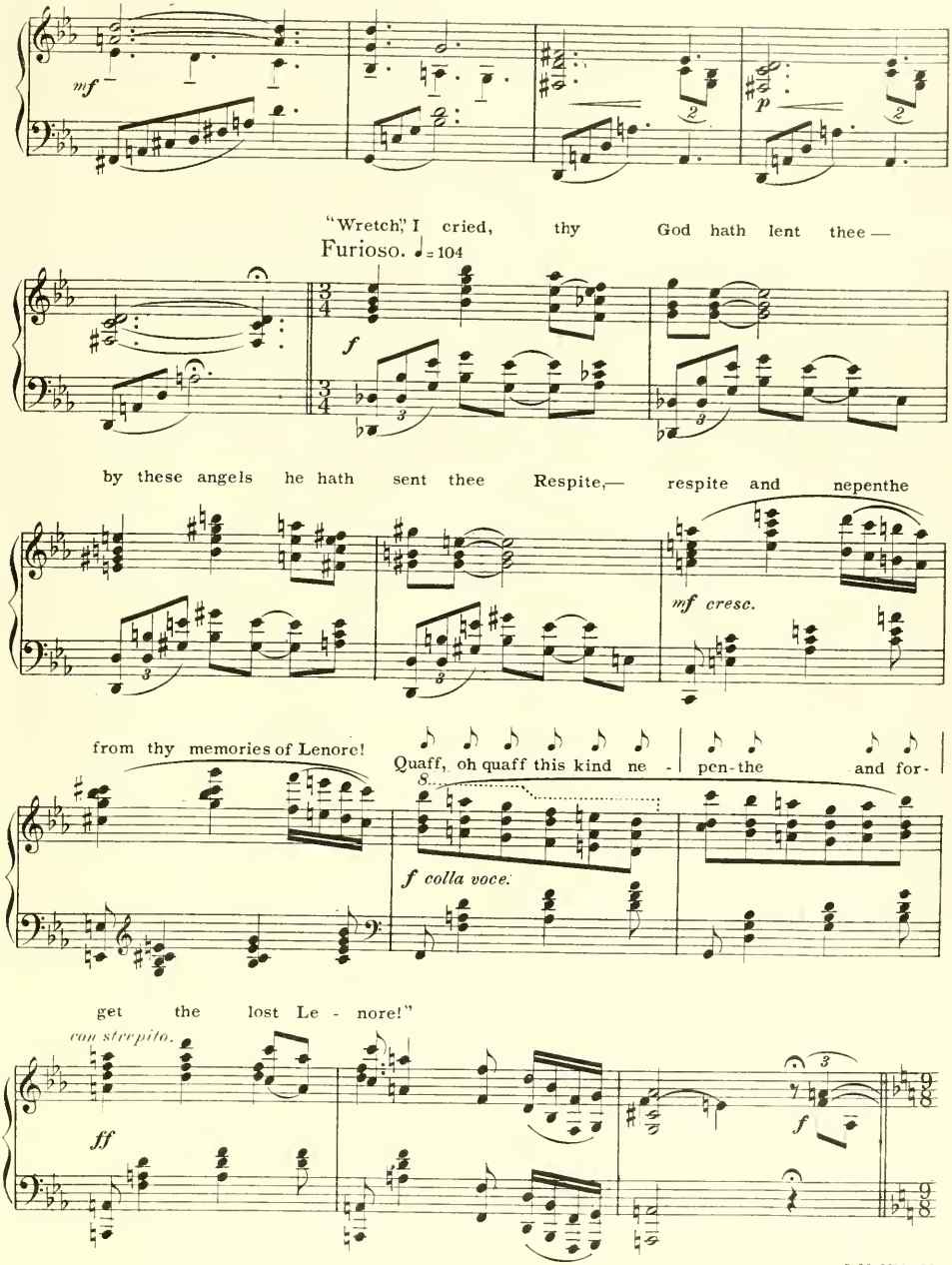
mf
p
"Wretch," I cried, thy God hath lent thee —
Furioso. ♩= 104
f
by these angels he hath sent thee Respite,— respite and nepenthe
mf cresc.
from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind ne - pen-the and for-
f colla voce.
get the lost Le - nore!"
con strepito.
ff
f

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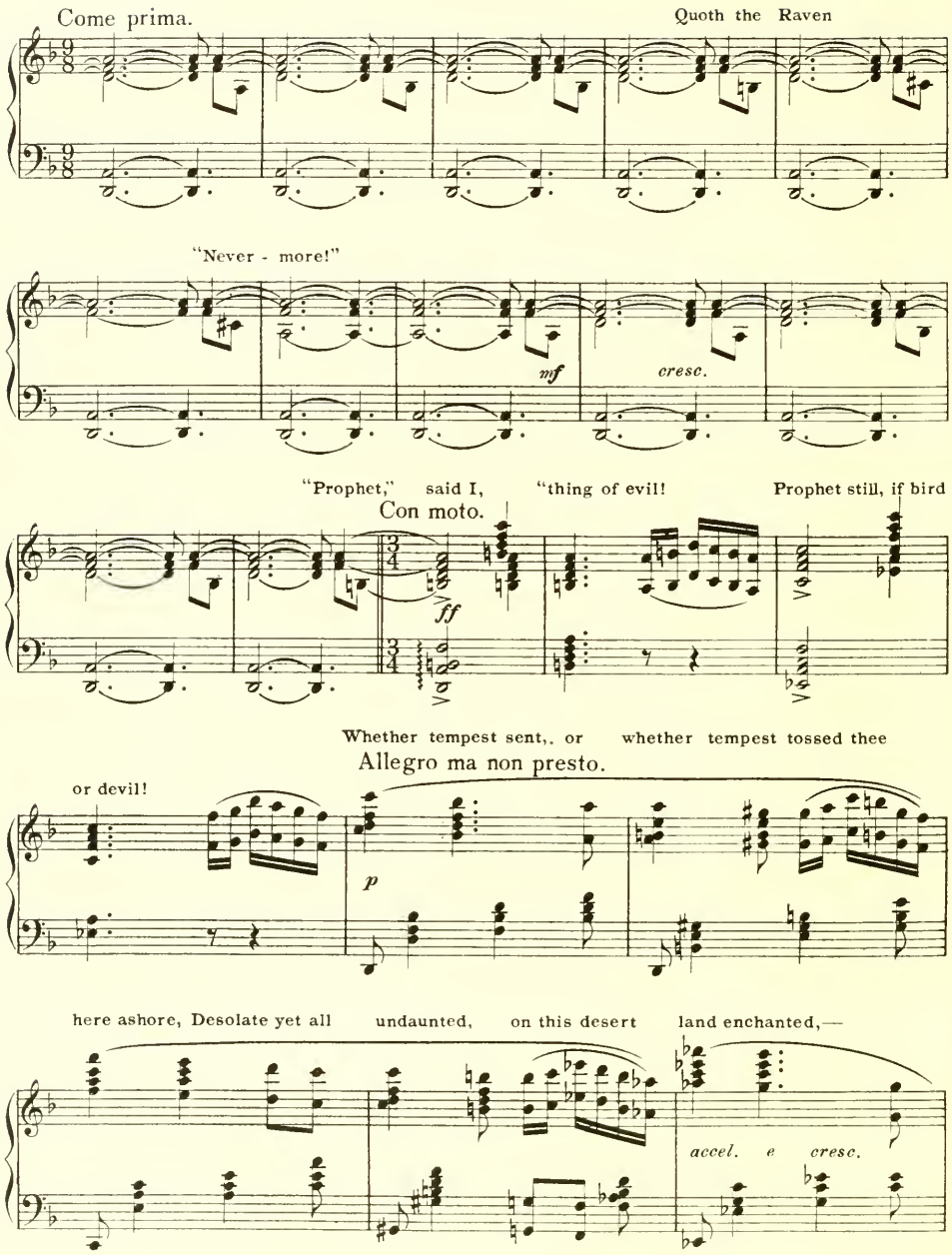
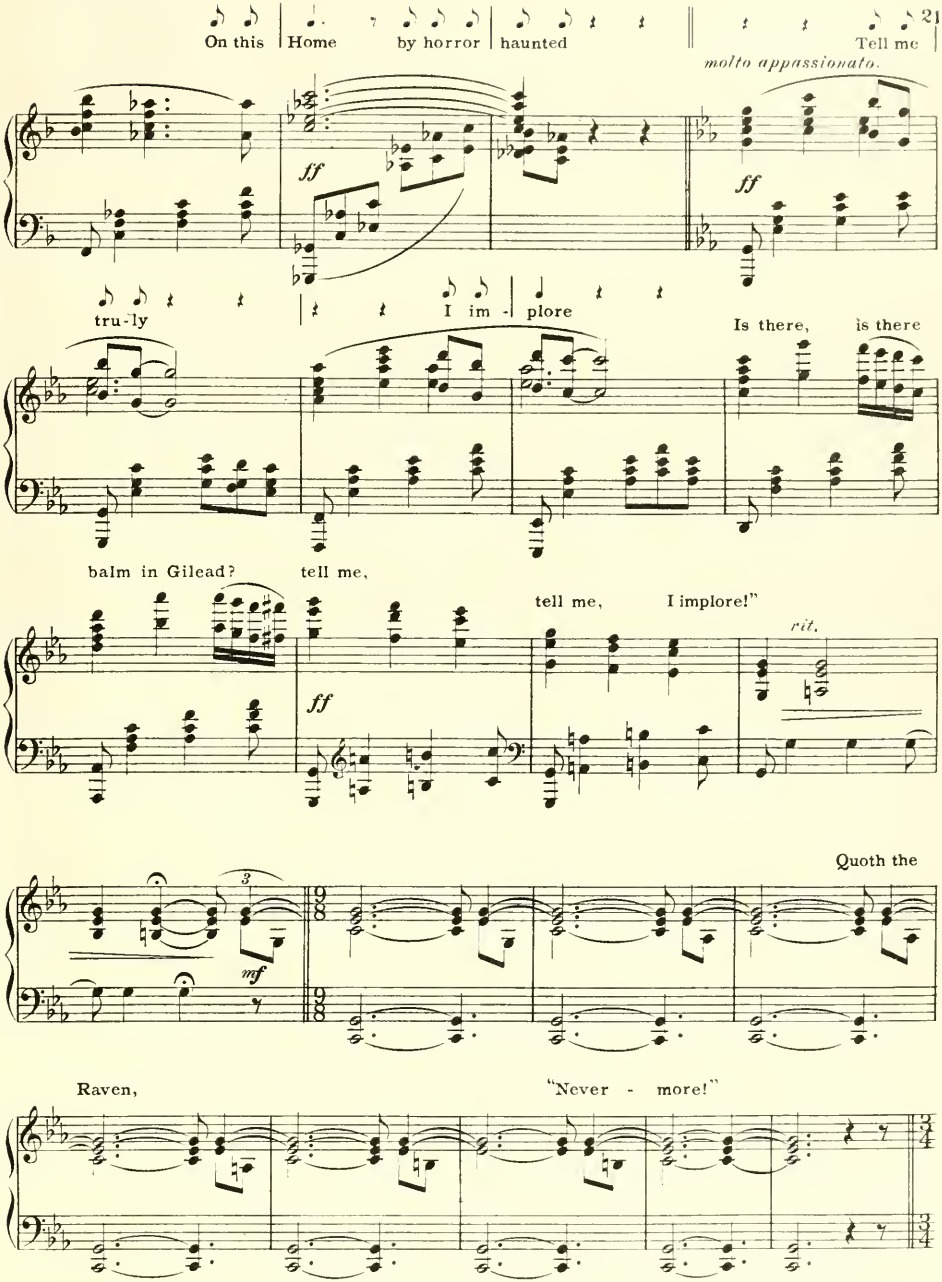
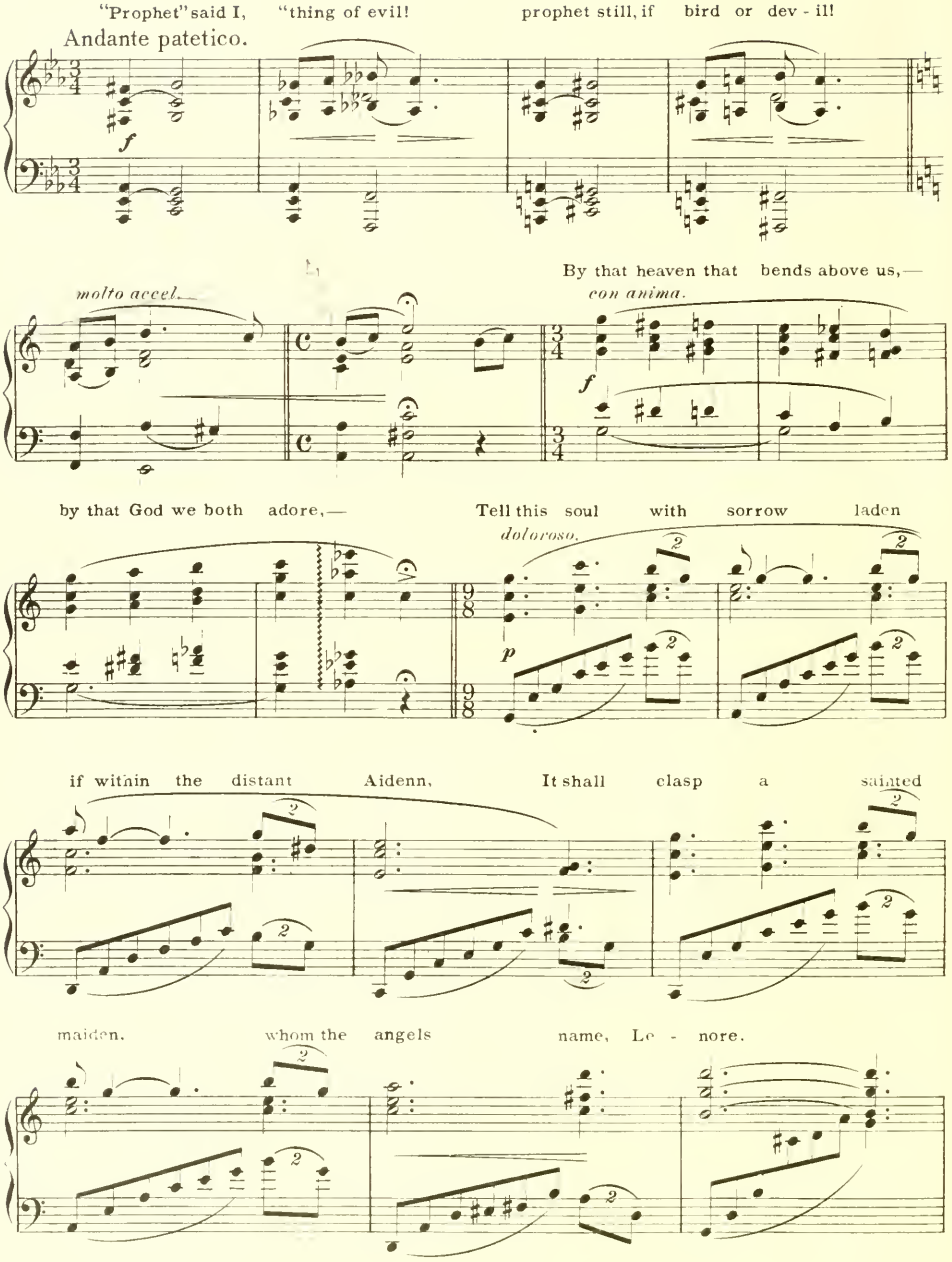

Come prima.
Quoth the Raven
"Never - more!"
mf
cresc.
"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird
Con moto.
ff
Whether tempest sent,. or whether tempest tossed thee
Allegro ma non presto.
or devil!
p
here ashore, Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
accel. e cresc.

5-80-68771-25


On this Home by horror haunted
Tell me
molto appassionato.
ff
ff
tru-ly
I im-plore
Is there, is there
balm in Gilead?
tell me,
tell me, I implore!"
rit.
ff
Quoth the
mf
Raven,
"Never - more!"


"Prophet" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or dev - il!
Andante patetico.
f
molto accel.
By that heaven that bends above us,—
con anima.
f
by that God we both adore,—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
doloroso.
p
if within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted
maiden, whom the angels name, Le - nore.

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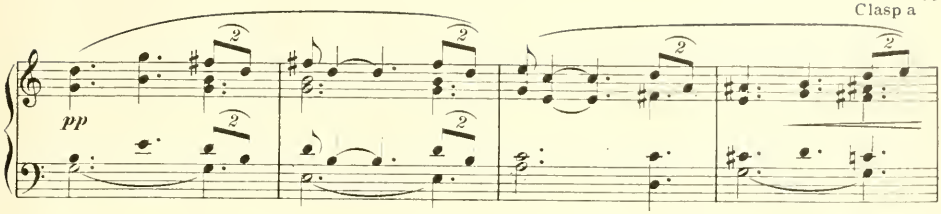
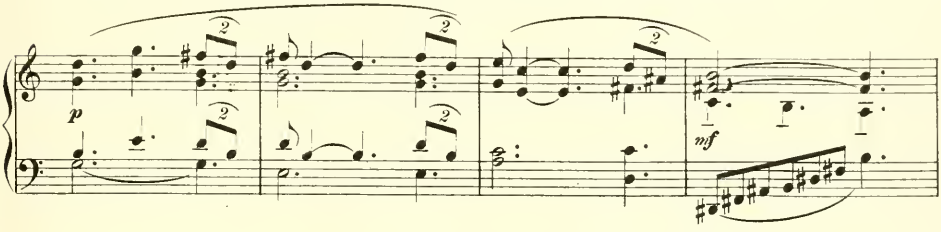
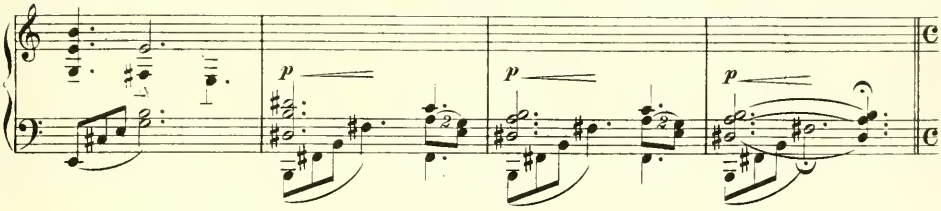
Clasp a



rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Le - nore."

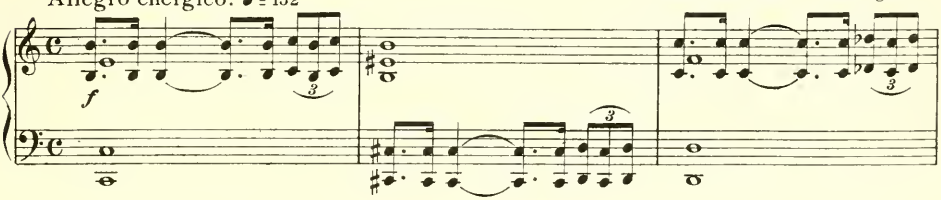


Quoth the Raven, "Never - more."

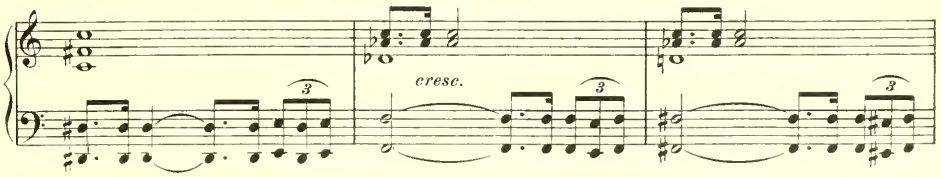


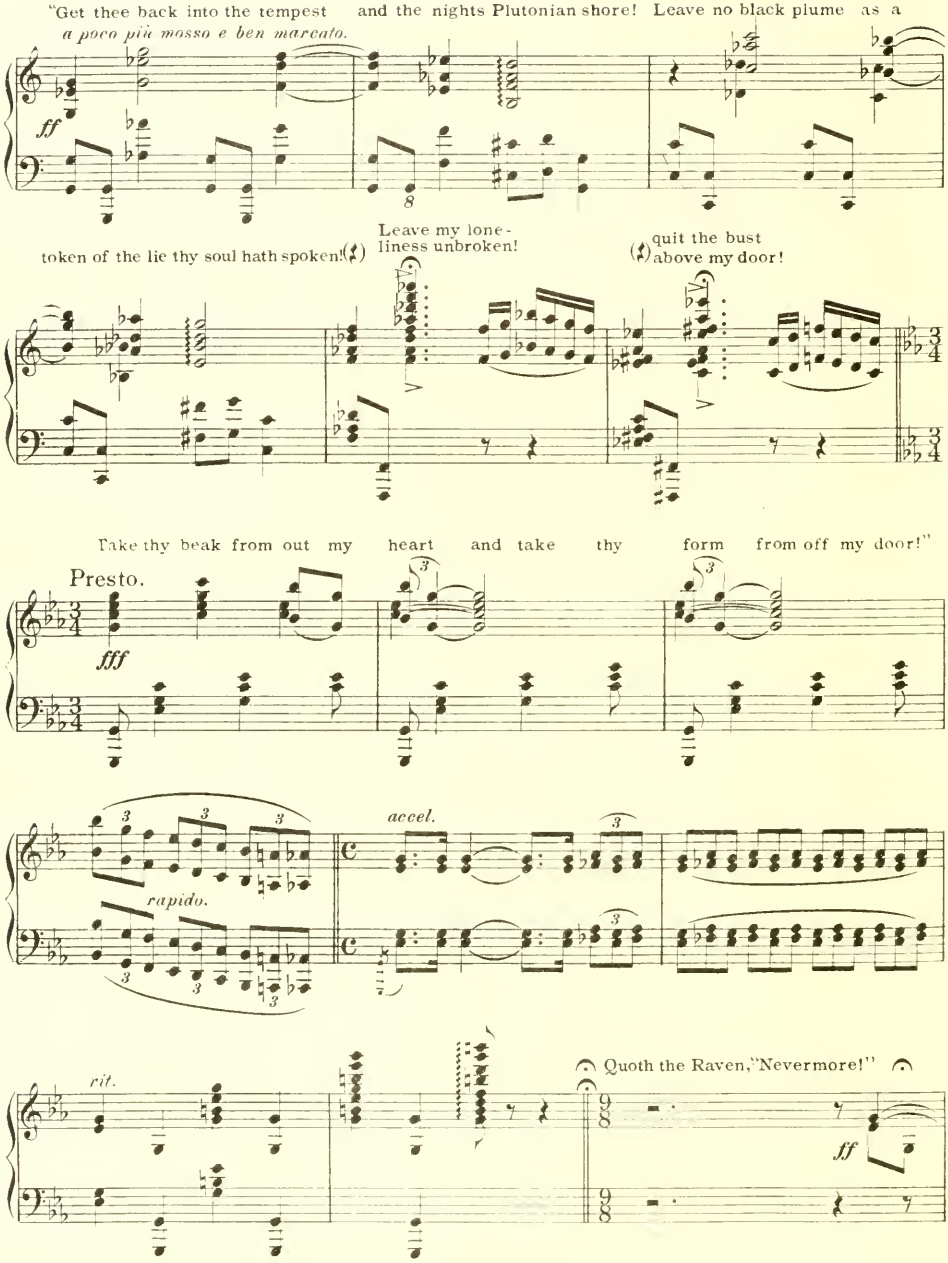
Allegro energico. ♩ = 152

"Be that word our sign of



parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting —




"Get thee back into the tempest and the nights Plutonian shore! Leave no black plume as a
a poco più mosso e ben marcato.
ff
token of the lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my lone-liness unbroken!
quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"
Presto.
fff
accel.
rapido.
rit.
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"
ff

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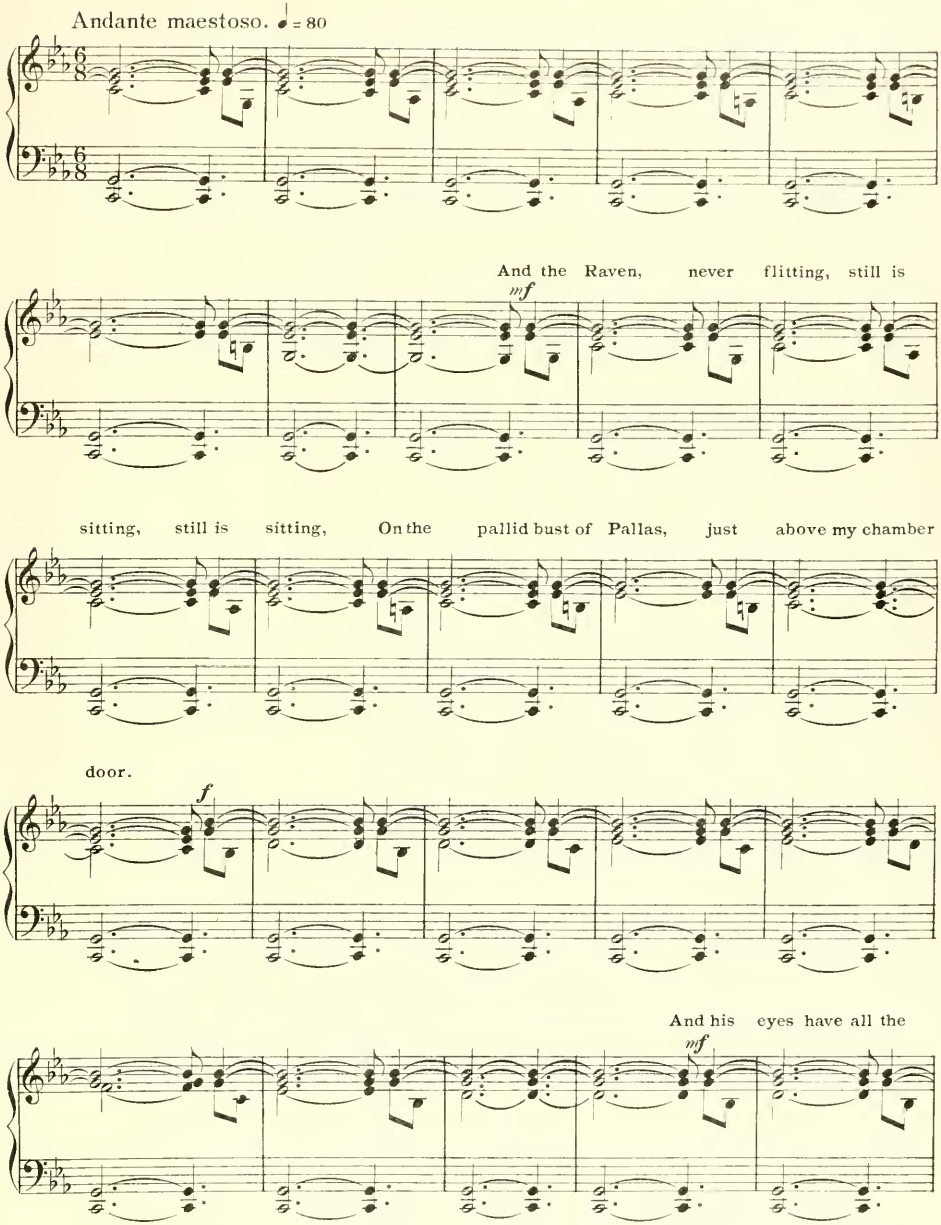
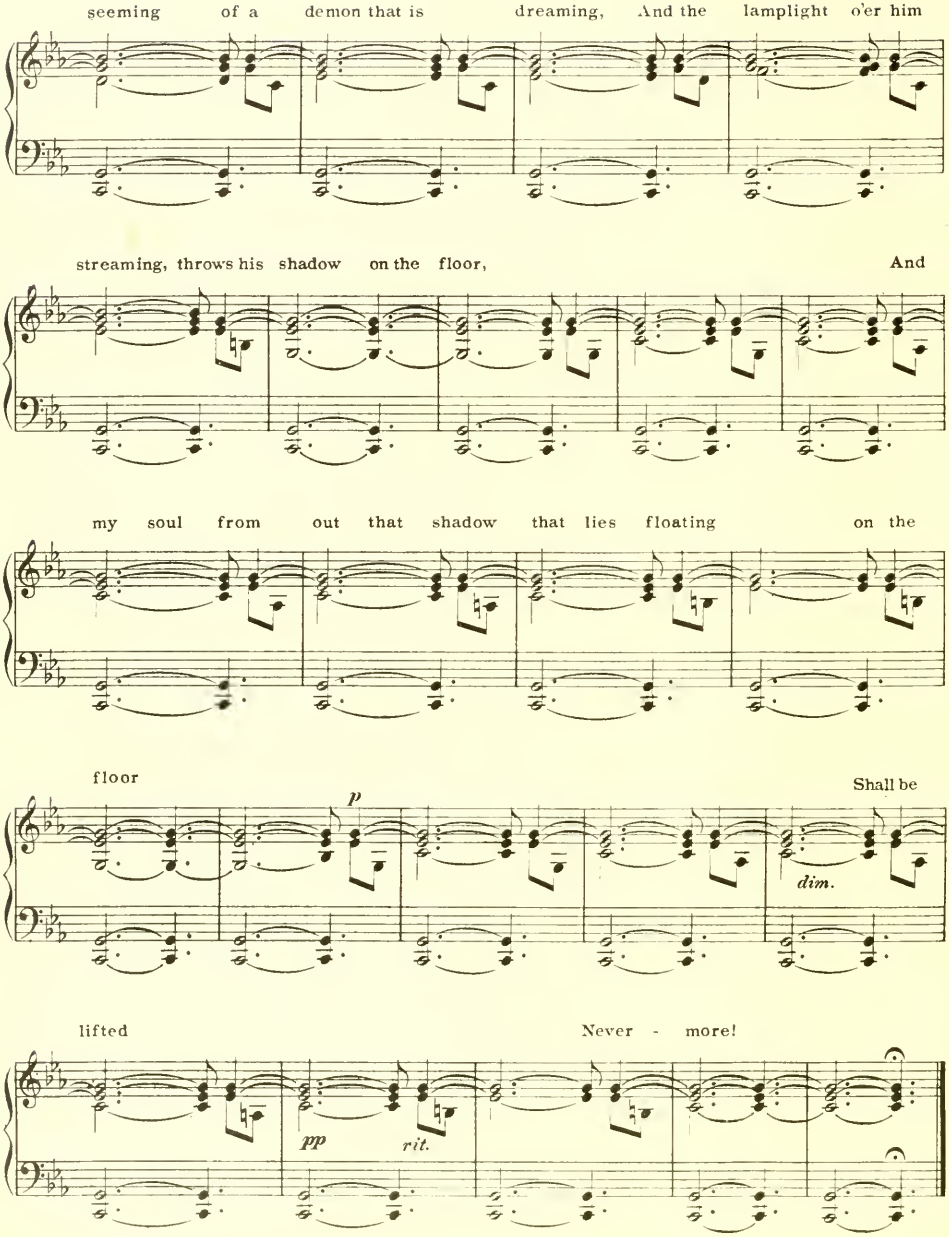

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 80
And the Raven, never flitting, still is
mf
sitting, still is sitting, On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door.
f
And his eyes have all the
mf


seeming of a demon that is dreaming, And the lamplight o'er him
streaming, throws his shadow on the floor, And
my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor
Shall be
p
dim.
lifted
Never - more!
pp
rit.